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For the Herald and Journal.
JUBAL.

BY REV. M. TRAPPO.

When the earth first rolled in the sunlight pure,
Old Jubal oft wandered alone,
And his swelling heart was joyous made
By Nature's soft musical tone.
The murmuring brooks at eventide,
And the birds which their matin sung,
Caused a thrill of joy through his heart to pour,
While as yet not a harp was strung.
And over the chords of his soul there swept,
The spirit of music and song,
Till his soul arose, as the wild wind blows,
And the echoes the strains prolong.
Then he drew from Old Tubal Cain's red fire,
A mass of the shining ore,
Which he rolled and beat, till the yielding brass
The form of a trumpet bore:
"I have it," said he, as a blast he blew,
Which the slumbering echoes woke,
And a maddened host together it drew,
And their hearts with fury it smote;
"Old Jubal forever! Hurrah!" they cried,
"He has awakened the spirit of man!"
And the earth was dyed in a blood-red tide,
Which over the green sword ran.
The brazen notes reached the warrior's ear,
And the hunter of men was glad;
And the sword and the trumpet together were hung,
For the hunters of men were mad.
And away they dashed on their conquering wild,
While the trumpets like whirlwinds roared,
And they shouted "hurrah, 'tis the signal of war,"
Then like demons o'er earth they poured.
They dipped the bright curls of the maiden in blood,
Entwining old Jubal's brow;
Then built up an altar of eyesless skulls,
And made there a hellish vow,
That the sword and the trumpet should ever be one,
In the fearful work of death;
And the youth was sworn the sword to draw,
At the trumpet's startling breath;
All over the blooming plains of earth
The hunters were hurrying fast,
And the cheek turned pale, when on the gale
Came borne the bugle's blast.
"Hurrah, hurrah," and the mountains high,
And the valleys and plains around,
All vied now with the echoes wild
Of the trumpet's stirring sound;
But old Jubal cried, "Ah, woe betide,
To me should use my skill,
To rouse men in wrath and ruin to ride,
Each other with sword to kill;
For the trumpet's wild note and the sword's fell stroke,
Are revelling side by side."
Then wondered old Jubal that what he had heard
Of nature's entrancing tones,
Should have fired with fury the hearts of men,
And filled all the earth with groans;
"I will banish the thought from my saddened heart,
And music and song shall forever depart;
And thus for the past alone!
Thus for days the matter he pondered o'er,
But music still haunted his soul;
Then his eyes did close in mysterious repose,
And a vision upon him stole.
The harp and the organ were formed; and lo
There gathered a peaceful throng,
And men and maidens their voices raised,
The swelling strains to prolong;
Then louder and clearer the tones arose,
And nearer the listeners drew,
And warriors forgot that they'd been foes,
And the sword away they threw;
Then hatred and anger away were driven,
From hearts that had raged so long,
And the Heaven-born flame of devotion came,
To revive a holy song.
"Now blessings on Jubal," aloud they cried,
And blessings upon his art,
For the wild savage and his skill doth control,
And peace again filleth the heart.

For the Herald and Journal.
ALFRED THE GREAT.

No name has appeared more illustrious among the British kings than that of Alfred. His energy and mighty intellect changed the face of the nation and formed a celebrated epoch in the annals of his race. Previous to his time the people were sunk in the darkest ignorance and most ferocious barbarism; he first, with a degree of success, applied the Archimedian lever of education, by which the masses of the Anglo-Saxon race have been gradually elevated to their present noble and commanding position.
The throne that was bequeathed to this great monarch was demoralized and his wild dominions were overrun by the hostile Danes, his people were depressed and discouraged, and his hopes were at an exceedingly low ebb. But his noble spirit would not bow to his misfortunes; he set himself to repair and re-establish his fallen fortune and to regain the possession of the throne and power of his feeble ancestors. A few passages in his history possess a touching interest. While yet a youth he was driven to the fastnesses and woods, where he took up his abode with the pastoral tribes, as a homeless wanderer, in quest of a refuge from the fury of the cruel Danish conquerors, that now infested the entire country. The clan with which he found protection and a home long remained ignorant of the regal descent and heroic character of their guest; they entertained him, according to their custom, as one of the many friendless strangers that were then roaming about the kingdom. They asked no questions for conscience sake, and the noble heir, on his part, was quite willing for the time to remain incognito. During this sojourn among the shepherds, a slight event occurred, which to us is not a little amusing. Alfred had been engaged in a hunt on a certain day, and after having become weary with the chase, he returned to the tent and seated himself by the fire. The good dame was preparing a repast for the family against their return from the chase. Among other articles the homely cake was baking among the embers, and she commanded Alfred to watch it till it should be prepared for the table. But he was busily engaged in warming himself, adjusting his arrows and drying his moistened bow-strings, and entirely neglected his important charge. When the matron discovered that the staple of her intended repast was already consumed in the fire, through the inattention of her hapless guest, there were no bounds to her rage. She gave him such a faithful admonition seldom reaches the ears of kings: "You always appear well pleased to eat my warm cakes, though you are thus negligent in toasting them." The royal pupil was well content to receive these instructions, accompanied with nothing more severe than words.
But as we intimated, Alfred did not remain long in his retreat. He gradually formed an acquaintance with the neighboring tribes, by

degrees revealed his true character, and began to form plots and conspiracies against the conquerors of his country. When his followers had become sufficiently numerous, he pushed his marches towards the Danish encampment; and that he might know the exact position and strength of the enemy, formed the daring resolve to enter the tent of the king in the guise of a musician, and thus bring back to his comrades a statement of their prospects. He accomplished this heroic undertaking, and returned to his camp without being known. He formed the ranks of his brave little army, and conducted them with boldness and energy to the enemy's encampment, where, having observed the assailable position, his army entered and put the Danes to a perfect rout. What he here gained by an able generalship, he retained, and continued to make further conquests, till the Northmen were entirely subdued, and Alfred firmly seated himself on the throne of his fathers.

Immediately on this event, he engaged in a radical reform of the English laws, or rather he invented laws. Those by which the kingdom had hitherto been governed were nothing more than the regulations that obtain among barbarous and pastoral tribes. This monarch was centuries ahead of his generation. Issuing from the wilderness and from among wild men, he adopted the humane laws of a civilized people, the rudiments of the laws that now govern the Anglo-Saxon race in both hemispheres. To his noble genius we are indebted for the foundation of the common law, the trial by jury, and the independent spirit diffused throughout our institutions. It was an inspiring sentiment, and one fully appreciated by his later descendants, that the great Alfred bequeathed to us in his last testament: "It is just that the English should remain free as their own thoughts."
Like Caesar of an earlier and Napoleon of a later age, his noble talents were equally conspicuous in the field and the cabinet—he knew both how to conquer and rule men and make laws. Contrary to the maxims of the dark age in which he had the misfortune to live, Alfred sedulously applied himself to the culture and mental elevation of his people. He sent his men into the dark quarry of the multitude, to bring out and fashion rude spirits, priceless as the Parian marble or the yellow gold. Himself set the royal example of study in the scanty sciences and literature of his time; and indeed the history of his mental struggles and successes, in the literary history of his generation, so far as concerns the English nation. In the days of this prince, learning was regarded as an unkingly acquirement, and very generally despised by crowned heads. Many a king has found a place in the British annals, who was unable even to write his name, and necessitated to substitute the cross. The material, the groundwork of the scholar, was born with Alfred; but the circumstance that kindled his ardent mind into a love of study and learning, was characteristic. Judith, his step-mother, was seated one day in the midst of her family, perusing a book of Saxon poetry, composed by Aldehelm and Codman, two celebrated Saxon poets. With a happy judgment, she proposed to make a present of the book to the one who would first learn to read it. The other princes deeming the reward disproportionate to the task, retired from the field of emulation. But the ardent mind of Alfred was captivated with the offer, and he diligently applied himself till he made the acquirement, reported it to his mother, and received the book for his reward. Not content with what would then be regarded as his gigantic labor, he determined to read the classic authors of Greece and Rome in their native tongue. For long years he addressed himself to his beloved task, and eventually obtained the happiness of communing with those great spirits in the very words they used. He became a ripe scholar, a grammarian, a rhetorician, a philosopher, a historian, a musician, the prince of Saxon poetry, and an excellent architect and geometer.

Actuated by a strong love for his people, and an unquenchable desire for their mental and moral improvement, he diligently sought out the learned men of his country, and invited learned foreigners to his court, and munificently rewarded the exertion of their talents. He added the influence of his own example, and became a translator and author.
He engaged in a translation of Boethius' Consolation of Philosophy, the Histories of Arosius and Bede, and the pastorals of Gregory in the Anglo-Saxon. Alfred did a greater work than this. He gave to his rude Saxons the Word of God, in their vulgar dialect. Some authors affirm that the task was not completed; others that it was finished by his courtiers; but that gathered about his court; however the case may be, the benevolent and pious intention of the monarch is evinced by a deed of such rare merit.
This sketch of the great Saxon would be incomplete were we to omit to notice his piety—a thing seldom observed among the barbarous potentates of the ninth century. With him it was not a bare form or a splendid series of ceremonies, it was a work of the heart; it fashioned his character and impelled him to the noble and pious deeds that filled his entire life. Though he learned from the effeminate Romans the general doctrines of Christianity, his more matured experience and ardent devotion led him to transcend the teachings of that corrupt hierarchy. Contrary to the instructions and in the face even of the anathemas of his church, he gave the people the Bible and diffused among them a taste for literature and the arts. It was the piety of Alfred that imparted to him such a love for his subjects, that elevated them to the rank of men, and strove to render them contented and happy. He cherished a love of justice and truth, and so far as possible engrafted those noble traits upon the people he was called to rule; inasmuch that a chronicler of the Norman times, in giving brief sketches of some of the preceding kings, names him by using the simple but expressive epithet of "the true ruler."

The devotional habits of this prince are worthy of better times and a more general imitation. He was accustomed to attend divine service daily, and especially the eucharist, making use also of prayers and psalms in private. He observed established hours of prayer, being every third hour both night and day; and frequently entered the churches in the night-time, after lamenting with sighs and deep groans his want of wisdom and grace.
The last instructions of Alfred to his son, deserve to be quoted for the pious and simple spirit they breathe, as well as for the political wisdom and the love for the people they exhibit.
"My son, sit thee now beside me, and I will deliver thee true instruction. My son, I feel that my hour is coming; my countenance is wan; my days are almost done. We must now part. I shall go to another world, and thou wilt be left alone in all my wealth. I pray thee, strive to be a father and a lord to thy people; be thou the children's father and the widow's friend;

comfort thou the poor and shelter the weak, and with all thy might right that which is wrong. And, son, govern thyself by law; then shall the Lord love thee, and God shall help thee to be thy reward. Call thou upon him to advise thee in all thy need, so he shall help thee the better to compass that thou wouldest."
The conclusion of his life exhibits the patience of the Christian under sufferings and trials—a patience and resignation seldom witnessed in the closing scenes of a monarch's life. His entire life indeed was but a pilgrimage, marked by suffering a constant pain. The Saxon physicians were unable to afford any relief, or even to detect the nature of the disease. He was necessitated to suffer, and endure it unrelieved. Dr. Townley observes: "It is not among the least admirable circumstances of this great prince that he withstood the fiercest hostilities that ever distressed a nation, cultivated literature, discharged his public duties, and executed all his schemes for the improvement of his people, amid a perpetual agony so horrible, that it would have disabled a common man from the least exertion."

The character of this prince is depicted in the following pathetic but expressive sentences of Sharon Turner: "This victorious warrior, this sagacious statesman, this friend of distress, this protector against oppression; who, in an age of ignorance loved literature and diffused it; who, in an age of superstition could be rationally pious, and in a station of royalty could discern his faults and convert them into virtues; was called from the world in the fifty-second year of his age."
"The reign of Alfred," says Hannah More, "is eminently the study of kings. In him, the most vigorous exertion of public justice, was united with attachment to public liberty."
"This prince," says Dr. Goldsmith, "seemed born not only to defend his bleeding country, but to adorn humanity." And the eulogy of Mr. Hume, on Alfred, will not be inappropriate in this connection. "The merits of this prince, both in public and private life, may with advantage be set in opposition to that of any monarch or citizen which the annals of any age or nation may present to us. He seems, indeed, to be the model of that perfect character which under the denomination of a sage, philosophers have been fond of delineating, rather as a fiction of their imagination than in the hopes of ever seeing it really existing; so happily were all his virtues imperceptibly blended, so justly were they blended, and so powerfully did each prevent the other from exceeding its proper boundaries."
The noble qualities that adorn and distinguish the character of this Saxon ruler, render him worthy our study and remembrance. He was in his age a perfectly unique personage, and by the moral grandeur of his bearing, reminds us of the majestic oak, which rears its branches far above all its neighbors of the forest, and impresses our minds with that power and internal vigour that have resisted the blasts of centuries, and amid whose giant arms the tender vine has its tendrils entwined, and the forest tree has found shelter and repose. Such was Alfred, one of the greatest of Britain's kings.

The chronological dates of his life demand only a passing notice. He was born at Wantage, in Hampshire, Eng. A. D. 849, ascended the throne of England A. D. 871, and died peacefully during the first year of the tenth century.
Many reminiscences of Alfred have been preserved by his townsmen, and so great are their love and reverence for this monarch that the military anniversary of his birth day has been celebrated during the present year. The occasion was observed by all parties as a holiday—the shops were closed, business suspended, and the day devoted to hilarity and mirth. The festival was rendered interesting by the presence of many distinguished personages; especially of Tupper the poet, and Dr. Giles. In the evening a public meeting was held, at which the following resolves were adopted:—
1. That the old Grammar School of Wantage be revived and enlarged under the title of King Alfred's College.
2. That, for the purpose of accomplishing this good work, a general subscription list be opened immediately, to which all of the Anglo-Saxon race who reverence the name and memory of Alfred, are invited to contribute.
3. That, for the purpose of aiding the subscription and at the same time of presenting subscribers with a record of the Great Alfred and his Jubilee year, an edition of his works in one volume folio, splendidly illustrated, be immediately undertaken by competent Anglo-Saxon scholars, to be called the "Jubilee edition of the Works of King Alfred the Great."
4. That every subscriber of three guineas and upwards, be presented with a copy of the above work.

6. That the governors of the town lands, being by virtue of their office, the guardians of the Old Wantage Grammar School, be requested to become members of this committee, and that the committee be empowered to add to their numbers.
B. SIBBELL.
Smoky Hollow, Dec. 20.

For the Herald and Journal.
SOME THINGS I FIND IN THE HERALD.

"Obituaries."—Some are written in very common-place style; others are peculiarly good. As the sick are more apt to read them than anything else, it is not best to exclude all. That of Thomas Cooper, in the January No. of the Ladies' Repository, is a fine sample of originality.
"Necessitous Cases."—How ashamed I feel that God's poor are neglected. Will not Heaven curse our church for it? No excuses can now be made about ministers broken down by other causes than God's service; or rich ones on this list, or about support from the Book Concern. If we do not arouse ourselves to the cry of the needy worthy, I fear it will be said to us that DAY, "inasmuch as ye did it not to the least of these, my brethren, ye did it not to me; depart." &c.
"Death and Its Signs." is a useful article for those nervous, imaginative persons to read, who are all the time afraid they shall be buried alive.
"The Song of the Peasant's Wife" is happy.
"The Girl that Would be Married" had more common sense than false modesty. I wish we had more such; for some men don't seem to know enough to get a good wife without being told to.
"Enigmas."—Keep on with them, and let the "Old Bach" scold away; he has forgotten to love the youth, perhaps. Please let me recommend a plan to entertain a company of ladies and gentlemen of a winter's eve, that is sometimes very useful. E. g., have one clerk, who shall distribute to each a blank piece of paper;

then each write a question on it, with a pencil; then the clerk gather them all, and shake them up, and re-distribute them, taking care that no one have written answers, collect the same again, and read questions and answers aloud. If any one objects to the above, I say it is a much more innocent way of spending time than to tattle.
"Letters from the Marsh" keep up their attraction. Wife asks, "who writes them?" The women are curious to know.
One of the outside articles, in No. of Jan. 9, by "D. H. M.," is worthy of deep thought. That about "our Agent" is well put in, that some people may see how unreasonable they are, and how fault-finders "bark up the wrong tree."
I read this "Herald" all through, and am apt to pick up some good crumbs, once in a while. I seldom fail of being interested in some article, in every weekly visit to make me. GLEANER.

FOX AND PITT.

Mr. Fox was totally unlike his great rival. Pitt was stately, taciturn and of an austere temper. Fox was easy, social and of a kindly disposition. Pitt was tall and grave, and entering the House carefully dressed, walked proudly to the head of the Treasury bench, and took his seat as dignified and dumb as a statue. Fox was burly and jovial, entered the House in a slouched hat and with a careless air, and as he approached the opposition benches, had a nod for this learned city member, and a joke for that wealthy knight of the shire, and sat down as much at ease as if he were lounging in the back parlor of a country inn. Pitt, as the adage runs, could "speak a King's speech off-hand," so consecutive were his sentences; and his round, smooth periods delighted the aristocracy of all parties. Fox made the Lords of the Treasury quail, as he declaimed in piercing tones against ministerial corruption, while his friends shouted "hear, hear!" and applauded till the House shook.
Pitt's sentences were pompous and sonorous, and often "their sound revealed their own hollowness." Fox uttered sturdy Anglo-Saxon sense, every word pregnant with meaning. Pitt was a thorough business man, and relied for success in debate upon careful preparation. Fox despised the drudgery of the office, and relied upon his intuitive perceptions and his robust strength. Pitt was the greater Secretary—Fox the greater Commoner. Pitt's oratory was like the frozen stalactites and pyramids which glitter among Niagara in mid winter, stately, clear and cold. Fox's like the vehement waters which sweep over its brink, and roar and boil in the abyss below. Pitt, in his great efforts, only erected himself the more proudly, and uttered more full Johnsonian sentences, sprinkling his dignified but monotonous "state paper style" with pungent sarcasms, speaking as one having authority, and commanding that it might stand fast. Fox, on such occasions reasoned from first principles, denouncing where he could not persuade, and reeling under his great thoughts, until his excited feelings rocked him like the ocean in a storm.
Pitt displayed the most rhetoric, and his mellow voice charmed like the notes of an organ. Fox displayed the most argument, and his shrill tones pierced like arrows. Pitt had an icy taste; Fox a fiery logic. Pitt had art; Fox nature. Pitt was dignified, cold, cautious. Fox mainly, generous, brave. Pitt had a mind; Fox a soul. Pitt was a majestic automaton; Fox a living man. Pitt was a minister of the King; Fox the champion of the people. Both were the early advocates of parliamentary reform; but Pitt retreated while Fox advanced; and both joined in denouncing and abolishing the horrors of the middle passage. Both died the same year, and they sleep side by side in Westminster Abbey, their dust mingling with that of their mutual friend, Wilberforce; while over their tomb watches with eagle eye and extended arm the moulded form of Chatham—Stanton's Reforms and Reformers of England.

LONG PULPIT SERVICE.
Rev. William Turner, of Gateshead, (of Massachusetts, we suppose,) preached his first sermon in 1782, while Napoleon was yet in his teens, and the Independence of the United States was yet unacknowledged. The Gateshead Observer has begun and ended his career—the American Republic has long ago celebrated its jubilees—the mail coach has been superseded by the railway train—penny postage, and the electric telegraph have come into operation—and on Sunday, the 19th day of August, 1849, after a lapse of sixty-seven years, he ascended the pulpit, which he had occupied upwards of sixty years, and opening the sacred volume, read, without spectacles, the 22d chapter of Luke's Gospel, in a firm and audible voice. He then took for his text the 41st and 42d verses, and preached to a congregation, not one of whom had heard his first discourse from that pulpit. At the close he gave out the hymn of his friend and tutor, Dr. Enfield, concluding with the aspiration—
"Be Christ our pattern and our guide,
His image may we bear;
O, may we tread his holy steps,
His joy and glory share!"

EXCAVATIONS AT NINEVEH.
Letters have been received, says the Athenaeum, from Dr. Layard, dated Mosul, Oct. 16, at which place he arrived on the last day of September. Dr. Layard intended to recommence his excavations on the scene of his former labors as soon as he should be able to assemble his Nestorian diggers from the mountains. At present the country is in a very unsettled state, and it is scarcely safe to venture out of the city gates. At the date of his letters he had about sixty workmen exploring the ruins; and many bas-reliefs, of which the store seems inexhaustible, were discovered. But all had suffered from the effects of fire, and they will scarcely bear removal. Of these accurate drawings will be made by Mr. Cooper, the artist attached to the expedition. Amongst the bas-reliefs most recently discovered by Dr. Layard is a representation of the removal of one of the gigantic bulls, showing that they were sometimes, if not always, moved to the palace after being carved. An immense number of men drew a sledge which runs upon rollers; impetus being given to it behind an enormous lever worked by cords. A cast will be made of this very curious subject in the event of its being found impossible to remove it. It is probable that the fine pair of colossal lions still standing at Nimrud will be moved during the present expedition. Dr. Layard paid a second visit to the periodical festival of the Yezidis, or Devil worshippers, and was

admitted to all their ceremonies. On this occasion he also saw the celebrated Melek Teou, the bronze bird, the existence of which has been a matter of speculation to travelers, and which he describes as a very curious relic. Of these and other matters we may, it is hoped, expect full particulars in a second series of "Nineveh and its Remains."

SLAVERY IN THE COLONIES IN 1776.
Aided by an article which appeared some time since, under the above title, in the New Orleans Commercial Times, we have consulted the various authorities within our reach upon this subject, and we find that, at the Declaration of Independence in 1776, the whole number of slaves in the Colonies was estimated at 500,000, and were divided among them as follows:—

| | |
|----------------|---------|
| New Hampshire, | 629 |
| Massachusetts, | 3,500 |
| Rhode Island, | 4,370 |
| Connecticut, | 5,000 |
| New York, | 15,000 |
| Pennsylvania, | 7,600 |
| Delaware, | 10,000 |
| Maryland, | 9,000 |
| Virginia, | 80,000 |
| N. Carolina, | 165,000 |
| S. Carolina, | 75,000 |
| Georgia, | 110,000 |
| Total, | 502,144 |

In August, 1620, the first slaves ever brought to this country were landed on James River, in the Colony of Virginia, from a Dutch ship of war. They were landed and sold, and very soon thereafter negroes constituted a very important and lucrative species of merchandise, in nearly all the Colonies. They were brought over in large numbers, and were sought after with great eagerness by the agriculturists of those primitive times. They continued to be imported to a greater or less extent, until the tide was checked by an act of Congress of 1808. From 1776 to 1790, the slave population of the United States increased about 39 per cent. The census of 1800 exhibited a slave population of 895,041; that of 1810, 1,044,364; of 1820, 1,638,964; of 1830, 2,009,031; and of 1840, 2,486,355.

SLAVERY IN THE UNITED STATES IN 1790.—
From official enumeration:—

| | |
|----------------|---------|
| New Hampshire, | 158 |
| Vermont, | 17 |
| Massachusetts, | 0 |
| Rhode Island, | 2,952 |
| Connecticut, | 2,750 |
| New York, | 21,324 |
| New Jersey, | 11,424 |
| Pennsylvania, | 3,737 |
| Delaware, | 8,887 |
| Maryland, | 103,036 |
| Virginia, | 203,427 |
| N. Carolina, | 100,572 |
| S. Carolina, | 107,094 |
| Georgia, | 29,264 |
| Tennessee, | 3,417 |
| Kentucky, | 11,830 |
| Total, | 697,897 |

NOTE.—New States in *italics*.
—U. S. Almanac.

SUICIDAL IMPULSES.
An English Physician, Dr. Winslow, maintains, that the depression of mind, which is associated with suicidal tendencies, is in most instances a result of bodily disease, which should be treated with medicines. It is a disturbance of the brain and nervous system, that gives rise to perverted ideas, and creates that overpowering desire for suicide—and suicide is often the overt act, which gives the first evidence of insanity. And when one is conscious of a tendency in that direction, he may be sure that his health is impaired, and that medical treatment is needed. Dr. W. gives an instance. A gentleman holding a high public situation manifested for some weeks great depression of spirits, but he was not considered sufficiently ill to justify the family in summoning to his aid their ordinary medical adviser. One day he was found suspended by the neck, was fortunately cut down before vitality was extinguished, was placed in his carriage, and taken to the house of a physician. It was soon ascertained that the poor man's bodily health was in a sad condition. By his own confession, he had not closed his eyes for six days or nights. He recovered, and is at this moment exercising his official duties in the full enjoyment of *mens sana in corpore sano*.

FRANCE—THE SLAVE TRADE.
It is mentioned in some of the French journals and confirmed by the London Times, that the French Cabinet have given notice to the British Government of their intention to withdraw the twenty-six cruisers on the coast of Africa, as agreed to by the Convention in 1845. The reason of this step is said to be the inability of the forces for the purpose intended. The duration of this treaty was to be for ten years, clause, however, allowing the Convention to be modified or annulled in whole or in part at the end of the fifth year, should either party give notice thereof. The Times says further that the treaties of 1831 and 1833, on the right of search, are only suspended, but it is not supposed that the French Government will agree to the re-establishment of the pure and simple rights of search which occasioned such a formidable outcry previous to the Broglie Convention of 1845.

FRESH AIR.
Gentlemen and ladies, open your windows, let in the fresh air. Light, physical or moral, is not more essential to vision than air, fresh air, to health and happiness. Yet how careful are most of us to exclude it. You close up the windows, nail list around the doors, and appear to do all in your power to exclude Heaven's free gift of fresh air; and the reason why thousands of people are not smothered, is that the air is so subtle it will work its way through every little crevice, so that it is almost impossible to get it shut out altogether. But, if people do not get themselves quite suffocated, they continue to get pale, stupid, nervous, and heavy-headed for want of pure air, which is so anxious to force itself into their rooms, but which they contrive to keep barred out. What would you think of a man coming down the river on a raft who would get a little basin of water and keep it for weeks to wash himself every day, when the broad river was running level with his feet? You would say he was a fool. Are you any wiser who have miles of deep fresh air above you, and not allow yourself but a few square

feet to be used over and over again hundreds of times? I wish every one of you knew what a curious piece of machinery your lungs and heart are, and how well the atmosphere is adapted to our use. Keep your windows open night and day. If you are afraid to have the night air blow upon you while you are asleep, break a pane out of the top of the window until you get used to fresh air, and then a stream of it hard enough to blow the quilts off the bed will not hurt you.

EXPANDING THE CHEST.
Those in wealthy circumstances, or who pursue sedentary employments within doors, generally use their lungs but very little, breathe but very little air into the chest, and thus, independently of positions, contract a wretchedly narrow, small chest, and lay the foundation for the loss of health and beauty. All this can be perfectly obviated by a little attention to the manner of breathing. Recollect the lungs are like a bladder in their structure, and can be stretched open to double their ordinary size, with perfect safety, giving a noble chest, and perfect immunity from consumption. The agent, and the only agent required, is the common air we breathe, supposing however, that no obstacle exist, external to the chest, such as lacing, or tying it around with stays, or tight dress, or having shoulders lay upon it. On rising from the bed in the morning, place yourself in an erect posture, your head thrown back, and your shoulder entirely off the chest; now inhale or suck in all the air you can, so as to fill the chest to the very bottom of it, so that no more air can be got in; now hold your breath, and throw your arms off behind, holding in your breath as long as possible. Repeat these done breaths as many times as you please. Done in a cold room is much better, for the air is much denser, and will act much more powerfully in expanding the chest. Exercising the chest in this manner, it will become very flexible and expandible, and will enlarge the capacity and size of the lungs.—Common School Advocate.

RULES FOR THE LADIES.
Marry not a profane man; because the depravity of his heart will corrupt your children, and embitter your existence.
Marry not a gambler, a tippler, or a haunter of taverns; because he who has no regard for himself will never have any for his wife.
Marry not a man who makes promises which he never performs; because you can never trust him.
Marry not a man whose actions do not correspond with his sentiments; because the passions have dethroned reason, and he is prepared to commit every crime to which an evil nature, unrestrained, can instigate him. The state of that man who regards not his own idea of right and wrong, is deplorable, and the less you have to do with him the better.
Marry not a man who is in the habit of running after all the girls in the country; because the affections are continually wavering, and therefore can never be permanent.
Marry not a man who neglects his business; if he does so when single, he will do worse when married.

LITTLE GRAVES.
Sacred places for pure thoughts and holy meditations are the little graves in the churchyard. They are the depositories of mothers' sweetest joys. Callous indeed must be the heart of him who can stand by a little graveside and not have the holiest emotions of his soul awakened to the thoughts of that nature, and joy which belong alone to God and heaven. If this be vouchsafed to mortality, how much purer and holier must be the spiritual land, enlightened by the sun of infinite goodness, whence emanated the soul, brief good journey among us! How swells the heart of the parent with mournful joy, while standing by the cold earth bed of lost little ones! Mournful because sweet treasure is taken away, joyful because that precious treasure glitters in the diadem of the Redeemer.—Light on Little Graves, published by the American Sabbath School Union.

LA PLACE VS. NEWTON.
To us there is something exceedingly fine in the following remark of Vinet, in his Gospel Studies:—
Newton predicted that after the lapse of an immense period, it would be absolutely necessary for the creating hand to interpose anew. What a Christian philosopher judged indispensable, an infidel philosopher has proved superfluous. La Place has proved that the Supreme Arranger of the universe has provided for all, and that an element overlooked by Newton guarantees the peace of the firmament to the last limits of the existence of worlds.

CHEERFUL MUSIC.
The poet Carpani once asked his friend Haydn, "how it happened that his church music was always of an animating, cheerful, and a gay description?" To this, Haydn's answer was, "I cannot make it out; I only write according to the thoughts which I feel; I think upon God, my heart is so full of joy, that the notes dance and leap, as it were, from my pen; and since God has given me a cheerful heart, it will be easily forgiven me that I serve him with a cheerful spirit."

SUB-ROSA.
The rites of hospitality are very ancient, and held to be sacred amongst all nations. To break bread with one, is considered as receiving a pledge of inviolable friendship. Judas, having taken bread from Jesus' hand greatly aggravated his treachery. If all who have heard of the term at the head of this article, had comprehended its origin and meaning, much mischief and heart-burning amongst brethren would have been prevented. Ingratitude is the basest of sins, and the worst species of ingratitude is to misrepresent, betray, and injure those whose hospitalities we have shared. Language cannot be found adequate to express the kindness of an offence that consists in receiving kindness from the generous outpourings of a warm-hearted family, and then to use such factors as an opportunity to injure and calumniate it. Let all, but especially Christians, remember the meaning of sub-rosa. It is a term that now passes current as significant of secrecy. Its origin is in this wise: Among the Greeks the rose was consecrated to Hippocrates, the genius of silence; and either the rose or its figure was placed upon the ceiling of their dining rooms, implying that whatever was done therein should be kept secret. It was done sub-rosa.—N. O. Press.

Wesleyan Journal.

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For the Herald and Journal.

"My soul longed, yet, even faintly for the courts of the Lord."—SCRIPTURE.

Had I the pen of a ready scribe
And poetry's genial fire,
I'd trace in characters divine,
The longing of this heart of mine;
Its deep, intense desire,
To visit Zion's courts of praise,
And join in sweet devotion's lays.

How truly blessed are those who share
In sacred pleasures now;
Who listen to the Gospel's plan;
Salvation full for fallen man;
And in devotion bow,
To consecrate their ransomed powers
To Him who guards its hallowed hours.

I'd rather spend one tranquil day
With kindred spirits there,
Than dwell beneath a splendid dome
Where wealth abounds—or gaily roam
Mid scenes of pleasure rare:
Ah! rather be a porter there,
Than seek for happiness elsewhere.

Yes, ask a captive doomed to dwell
In solitude, apart
From dearest friends and loved ones—
What splendid gift below the skies,
Would soothe his stricken heart?
Methinks his quick reply would be,
"The home of love that cherished me."

Thus my poor heart devoutly craves
To Zion's courts below;
And pants to share its bliss again,
Its pure delights, its rapturous strains
Of music's sweetest flow,
From hearts replete with loving love,
And tuned to chant the theme above.

Let others prize ephemeral joys,
And boast of fashion's power,
To charm the heart with magic away,
And banish all "dull care away,"
When clouds of sorrow lower,
Give me communion, pure and deep,
Where hallowed love its vigils keeps.

Dighton, Jan. 6.

ELIZA.

For the Herald and Journal.

SABBATH REFLECTIONS.

By Mrs. F. F. S.

"There remaineth mercy for the sinner."—SCRIPTURE.

There is a rest, there is a rest,
O clasp thy hands in bliss!
No music strain unto thy breast
Can be so sweet as this.

Ye who have borne through weary years
The burden of life's cares,
And seen through dim and burning tears,
The waiting light of dawn;

Bowed to the earth by age and grief,
And longing to depart,
The Prophet's word shall yield relief,
O bind it to thy heart.

And ye, whose tears at midnight fall
In sorrow for the dead,
Who pine and pine in vain, to hear
The voice whose tones are fled;

The heart that throbs so wildly now,
Hearest it at last in peace,
For know ye not there is a land
Where sorrow's waves shall cease?

There, sweetly o'er thy fevered brow
Its wings shall softly blow,
And to the soul so thirsty now
Its streams like life shall flow.

There is a rest, there is a rest,
In sorrow, doubt, or care;
Lone wanderer, learn within thy breast
That cheering hope to bear.

Natchitoches, La., Dec. 1849.

LADIES.

THE WEDDING RING.

"Louisa," said a gentleman to his daughter, returning to the room which he had quitted a minute before—"there is a woman waiting to see you down stairs—go to her at once."

"La, papa, I dare say she is in no hurry," replied the young lady, without rising from the easy chair into which she was sunk.

"My dear, do not keep her waiting; the time of a workwoman is her capital; and you have no right to defraud her of it."

"Defraud, papa; what hard words you use. I am sure I always pay them their bills—what more can they ask?"

Her father had not waited for the conclusion of the sentence; and Louisa, seeing he was gone, proceeded with her breakfast, intending when she was done, to send for the woman, who she knew was bringing her some artificial flowers to inspect.

Whilst sipping her coffee, her eyes fell on a new publication which her father had been that morning examining. She seized upon it, and soon, engrossed in its pages, she forgot the artificial flowers, the artist, and her father's admonition.

An hour passed, when she was interrupted by the entrance of some young friends, whose visit of course detained her in the drawing-room. After a great deal of lively but rather empty chat, one of her visitors observed that there was a woman in the hall as they passed with a basket of the most exquisite fancy flowers she had ever seen. She longed to examine them all.

With a slight blush Louisa, recollecting her father's words, rang for the forgotten tradeswoman, and the next hour was consumed by the young ladies in turning over the beautiful specimens contained in the basket, trying them on their heads before the glass, and wishing earnestly that they could afford to purchase them.

They were good-humored, pretty, elegant girls, well and expensively dressed, and they seemed just fitted to be the inhabitants of the apartment where this scene was passing. It was a handsomely furnished room; the walls hung with paintings, the tables served with costly books, the consoles and marble brackets covered with tasteful ornaments: perhaps the value of only a few of those China vases would have formed a fortune to many a poor family.

The pleasant morning air, which breathed through the light muslin curtains, and waved the rich damask drapery, was scented with the perfume of heliotrope and jessamine, and the gleam of sunshine which fell on the glass globe, where the gold fish swam, was reflected back upon the rich cut chandeliers, and made them look like fragments of a rainbow.

All was in keeping with the gay girls, who gazed at themselves in the tall pier-glasses—all except the pale, anxious, careworn face of the owner of the flowers. Dressed in widow's weeds, which time had rendered shabby, although evidently preserved with care, her look, as she handed out one graceful wreath after another, was so sadly in contrast with her customers' gaiety, that, had they bestowed one thought on her, they must have felt some pity.

But they neither looked at nor noticed her, except to inquire the price of some beautiful specimen, exclaim at its desirability, which they could buy, and depart they would learn to make them, it must be such charming work.

Finally, after having disarranged the whole of her stock, one of them discovered that it was now time to go to the portrait painter to whom

she was sitting, as that gentleman never waited a moment, and she should lose the only hour he could give her.

Louisa made some trifling purchase, for she had changed her mind on the subject, and now desired some other ornaments; and the young party hastily quitted the house, leaving the poor widow to replace her injured goods, and return home at her leisure.

Little as these careless girls were disposed to bestow a thought upon the artificial florist, it is our intention to follow her to her own home, where, fatigued and disappointed, she arrived about two hours after she left the mansion of Louisa's father.

It was a low and narrow garret, lighted only by a window in the roof, which threw down a gleam of sickly sunshine upon one corner of the nearly empty room, and lighted up an old and comfortless bed, which seemed placed there that its occupant might derive some warmth from a source which at least cost nothing.

Reclining on this bed, and supported by a broken chair back, slightly covered by an old shawl—for the luxury of pillows was beyond her reach—was a much younger woman; but, like the first-mentioned, she too wore a widow's cap, and such clothing as she had bore the traces of mourning.

Her face was wan and thin, and she was evidently suffering from some serious malady which had drained away the springs of life. Her slender frame was busy in fabricating some of those beautiful flowers which her mother had carried abroad for sale, and their colors and gay groups made her sickly cheeks look still more ghastly from the contrast.

A half-finished wreath of orange flowers lay near her; and the tales they seemed to whisper of love, and joy, and hope—of bridal splendor, and all the luxuries of the wealthy—was affecting, when compared with her own appearance and her evident poverty.

"Ah, mother, dear!" said she, as the elder widow entered, "I thought you long in coming; but I hope you have sold the flowers and brought me all I want?"

Her mother silently shook her head as she sat down by her, and with tearful eyes gazed on her daughter's disappointed face.

"Nothing! have you sold nothing?" inquired the latter again in amazement and despair. "How could that be? I thought both Miss Frizell and Mrs. Dashwood had ordered them of you?"

"Miss Frizell detained me nearly two hours," replied the mother, "tossed over all my things, and then bought a two shilling sprig; and as I was an hour after the time appointed at Mrs. Dashwood's, she was angry, and would be pleased with nothing. Indeed it is quite true; the flowers were so much tumbled by Miss Frizell and her friends that, until they have been all fresh done up, they are hardly worth looking at."

"And Miss Singleton's wedding wreath?" said the daughter. "How can I finish that unless I have the materials I require? Only two shillings for four hours' walking and waiting! Ah mother, mother, how little they know of the value of time to us. Will you buy the white and green silk with that money?"

"I spend it, my child, in buying food. I knew we had nothing in the house, and your boy will be wanting his dinner presently. Is he asleep?"

"Yes; see how soundly he sleeps," answered the young woman; and removing a slight covering, she exhibited on the bed beside her a small fair boy, apparently about a twelvemonth old, who peacefully slumbered in the happy indifference of infancy.

Both gazed at the child till the tears brimmed to their eyes; but after a few minutes, the young mother turned away, and said:

"What can we do? This wreath must be finished, or in another week we shall all be homeless."

She paused a moment, and a crimson spot, which told of some internal struggle, appeared upon her cheek, whilst her thin lips grew paler than before; then drawing from her finger her wedding ring, she held it out to her mother.

"It is but a short time!" she murmured; "and what matters it? Why should I feel so bitterly at parting with the symbol, when the reality has been torn from me? For our child—his child's sake—it must be done! And what does it signify what is thought of me?"

In silence the mother took the ring; for what could she say? It was a sacrifice she could not have asked, but which she saw to be inevitable; for they did not possess another superfluity. Silently, therefore, she took it and left the room; whilst her unhappy daughter, when left alone catching up the orange flowers, exclaimed:

"Happy, happy girl! when you wear this wreath, how little will you suspect the bitter tears, the weary fingers, and the aching heart which have accompanied its growth! And I was once as happy! Who would have imagined then the miserable reverse I now present? But am I not giving way to envy? Because my prospects are brightened, would I wish hers to be dimmed? Heaven forgive me!"

She turned to the bed where her still sleeping boy continued silent and motionless until her mother's return.

The elder widow, pursued by way to fearful steps and heavy heart, nursed her way to this painful errand; but so deeply was she engrossed in her own mournful reflections, that she scarcely noticed where she was wandering, until she found herself at the door of a large jeweller's shop in a fashionable street. She entered timidly; and waiting until she saw one of the shopmen disengaged, she ventured to explain her errand, and exhibit the ring.

"It is not our practice, madam," to buy second-hand goods," was the reply, "and if we do, we can only give you the value of the gold."

"And what may that be?" faltered she.

"I suppose about half-a-crown," he carelessly answered.

"Is that the utmost you can give me?" replied she in a pleading tone. "I am in great distress, and have not another sixpence in the world."

"Are you not the person who sells artificial flowers?" inquired a gentleman who had been for some minutes watching her, and was interested by the sweetness and propriety of her manners.

She replied in the affirmative.

"And did you sell nothing this morning?" again asked he.

"One young lady purchased a two-shilling flower," replied the poor widow; but she detained me so long, that I displeased an excellent customer by failing in punctuality."

The gentleman bit his lip, and hastily crossing the shop he returned in another minute, leading in Louisa; for he was her father, and she had been occupied in selecting a new pair of bracelets for herself at the opposite counter.

"Repeat what you have just said to my daughter," said Mr. Frizell. "I ask it as a favor for her sake entirely."

"Excuse me, sir, and forgive the young lady," replied the widow firmly. "She was probably not aware of how much value an hour is to a tradesperson; but I do not wish to complain of her for that."

"Permit me at least to rectify her errors," continued the father; "but as our business can be better transacted in a more private place, suffer me in the first instance, to convey you

home. You have probably walked far this day."

It was in vain that she offered any opposition; and in another minute she was seated beside Louisa in Mr. Frizell's elegant equipage, to the great mortification of that young lady, who flung herself into a corner, and did her utmost to conceal herself from view, lest any one should recognize her with such a companion.

They could not approach the lodging very closely in the carriage; but Mr. Frizell nothing daunted by the narrow street or dirty staircase, resolutely drew on his reluctant daughter; and the child of wealth and luxury—the gay—the elegant, the fashionable Louisa Frizell—for the first time stood face to face with the worn and wasted sufferers from want and disease.

Never could she forget the thrill with which she glanced round the miserable room, and eyed the feeble sufferer stretched upon that bed. Poverty! till then she had not known what it was; and yet this was poverty in its least repulsive shape; for though bare and desolate the room was clean; and though feeble and emaciated, the invalid was tidy in her person; whilst the beautiful little boy who sat beside her, bending his dark eyes upon the strange visitors, as if to question their object, gave a degree of grace and elegance to the group.

When Louisa saw the gratitude with which her father's purchases were acknowledged, and the satisfaction with which the sum of only twenty shillings was received, she began to understand a little of the value and power of money. But the glow of still deeper feeling which the restoration of the wedding-ring occasioned was so touching that she felt for the moment that she would willingly sacrifice half her trinkets to be the author or receiver of such a glance as that.

Happy as this encounter for the two poor widows, it was eventually a far happier one for Louisa Frizell herself. They were materially assisted in their difficulties, and, in fact, raised from a situation of most depressing and heart-breaking poverty to a degree of comfort, which to their moderate wishes seemed like affluence. But she was aroused from a far more lamentable state—a poverty of feeling, a dearth of compassion, a want of kindly charity to her neighbors, which, but for some such lesson as this, might have starved and destroyed every amiable sentiment in her nature. But the lesson was effectual; and the once thoughtless Louisa Frizell now sets an example to young companions both of consideration towards those tradespeople she employs, and of moderation and self-denial in the use of the ornaments and expenses which her station in life appears to justify or require.—Chambers's Journal.

SKETCHES.

JAY—ENGLISH PULPIT ORATORS.

Jay—English—Noel—Harris—Miall—Burnet—Fox.

By D. W. BARTLETT.

But there are several splendid exceptions among English pulpit orators. Thomas Binney, of whom I have spoken at length, is as full of fire and natural eloquence as any preacher this side of the Atlantic. Then there is the venerable Jay, of Bath, John Angel James, of Birmingham, the Hon. and Rev. Baptist W. Noel, of the metropolis, the Rev. Dr. Harris, Rev. Edward Miall, John Burnet, the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Courtenay, Fox, the infidel preacher, as he is called, of London, Neile, of Liverpool, &c., &c.

The venerable and reverend Mr. Jay, of Bath, is very much in years, but even now, when excited, discourses most eloquently. Naturally he is full of fire and brilliancy, and though the tendency of the circumstances which surround him are, and always have been, to chasten it down, yet he occasionally bursts out into fiery declamation and eloquence. His mind is of the first order, his piety is pure and beautiful, his daily life is transparent and chaste, and his influence over his immediate circle of friends very great. Through his published writings he is known, loved, and admired in America, and justly so. He retains his faculties to a remarkable degree; he is in the pulpit what John Quincy Adams was in Congress—the old man eloquent."

Angel James, of Birmingham, is extensively known throughout this country by his published works, which have ever been characterized by purity of language and purity of thought, simple eloquence, which appeals not so much to any passion in man as to his reasoning and religious faculties. His advice to young men is worth diamonds, and it is generally appreciated in America. I believe, for his books which contain it have had an immense circulation here—much larger than in England. As a preacher, Mr. James is very distinguished. His oratory is not torrid, neither does it lack warmth, but it is a pleasant medium between the fiery and the frigid. He enchains an audience somewhat in the manner of Albert Barnes. He is like him, devoid of fine gestures, of action in the pulpit, and the majority of the graces of rhetoric, but simply from the subject matter and an earnest manner can hold an audience in willing chains for hours. He is now getting to be old, but has lost none of his powers of speaking or writing, and his influence grows wider each day of his life. In Birmingham, among his own people, he is adored, and by all sects and parties in Birmingham and out of it, he is revered and admired. He has not committed himself much in reforms, and for this some blame him and others applaud. His preaching, if practised, would help on reforms, but he studiously avoids allusion to reform and reformers. In this some see great wisdom—others a time-serving policy. On this point men will differ according to the positions which they are in and look from.

The Hon. and Rev. Baptist W. Noel is a man of lofty eloquence, of high intellectual qualities, and a man of genuine piety. This every one admits. Not even his rank enemies deny his sincerity in his late secession from the Established Church. In the pulpit he is able, but not of the very first order of talent, according to the ideas of many good critics. He is always in earnest; he is always clear in his argument and logical in his deductions, and what is better yet, full of charity for others who differ from him in religious belief. He is connected by birth with the nobility, and aside from his talents and piety, is of a high rank and position in society.

The Rev. Dr. Harris is at the head of a collegiate institution just out of London, and is very distinguished for his metaphysical powers. A late metaphysical work of his has been republished in America, and has met with a good sale. As a pulpit orator he ranks high, but is not celebrated for any special brilliancy as an orator or eloquent preacher. His sermons are chiefly valuable for their deep thought and study. There is a thoroughness about them, and at the same time a simplicity which cannot fail to win him the admiration of all earnest seekers after religious truth. Such persons do not care so much for brilliant declamation as for deep thought and research. A portion of Dr. Harris's early history is full of thrilling interest. While residing, many years ago, in a seaport town, he became exceedingly attached to a young and beautiful widow. Her husband was a mercantile gentleman, and had gone out to

China on business, but the vessel in which he took passage was wrecked in a violent storm, and every soul on board lost. She went into mourning for him, and manifested every suitable respect for her deceased husband. By-and-by she met Dr. Harris and requited his love. They became engaged, and were finally married. A few weeks after marriage, they went down one morning to the sea-side before breakfast for a walk of pleasure. As they approached the water they saw that a ship from some foreign port lay in the offing, and a small boat was approaching them from it. As soon as it came so near to them as to render the faces of those in it visible, the young bride fainted away. She had discovered in the boat her former husband!

He was thrown in the storm upon an island, with two or three others, in the China seas, and there existed for many years before he could get off and return home. The lady only recovered from her fainting-fit to become raving mad, and although everything was done for her which science or kindness could suggest, she expired in a few weeks in the intensest mental agony.

Edward Miall, was formerly a pulpit orator in London, but of late, has devoted himself to the profession of an editor, and has confined his public oratory to the lecture-room and political rostrum. He is one of the first speakers in Britain, and in the pulpit, I am told, was very successful. I have listened for hours to his chaste eloquence, and never yet was wearied by it. There is a purity in his diction, which captivates one, it is so beautiful. As a writer he has few superiors in the world. With his pen he is more eloquent than with his tongue.

There is more of free thought and expression, and glowing enthusiasm in his writing than in his speaking. He is so sensitive and nervous, that an audience visibly before him, seems to act like a damper upon his enthusiasm or spirits. He is an earnest and unflinching advocate of the people's rights, and as such is loved by millions in Britain.

John Burnet is a Scotch minister in the metropolis, and is a unique character. He overflows with wit and good humor, and it is so natural to him that his sermons are tinged with it. Dr. Campbell is quite a giant among the dissenters. He preaches to one of the largest audiences in London. In person he is tall, massive, and coarse looking. He is powerful in his personal influence, but is not intellectually very great. He is quite distinguished as a writer—he is now editor of the British Banner, a long running weekly newspaper. He has almost perfect control over the great body of the dissenting ministers and their churches. It is a little singular how he has acquired so much influence, for in his sermons he is not very great, neither is he in his writings. There is a certain power in his oratory which rather awakens and captivates an audience. Physically he is a giant, and that may have something to do with his power over men.

C. J. Fox is one of the most talented preachers in Britain, but unfortunately for all those who are lovers of orthodoxy, he is tainted with bad heresies. He is called "the infidel preacher" by many. He is a member of Parliament, a splendid orator, and a man of pure life and influence. I went once to hear him preach, and was delighted with his sermon. There was nothing in it which any audience in the world would object to. The exercises were opened by exquisite singing and an address by Mr. Fox to the Deity. There was a vagueness in his prayers which did not strike me pleasantly, but his sermon was really splendid. He took his text from Shakespeare, and although I was a little shocked at first by the novelty of the thing, yet I soon forgot the text in the sermon which followed it. As a pulpit orator, he is not so good in England or America—in his peculiar style of oratory, which is a combination of the chaste, classical, enthusiastic and impetuous.—Saturday Evening Post.

In the death of Mrs. ELIZA WILSON, at the age of 52 years, the Worthen St. Church of this city has lost one of its pleasant ornaments. She was the widow of James Wilson, who passed away only about eight or nine months before her. Converted in her youth at Waltham, she was the minister of Rev. Orlando Hinds, she at once, and ever afterwards, evinced to the world, in the various aspects of her excellent character, the beauty of religion. After her marriage with Mr. Wilson, this city became the place of their residence; where she, together with her husband, ever sustained her full share in the burdens incident to a young and somewhat afflicted church. Adversity, deep and terrible, added to fit her for the better world. Two sons, grown up to manhood, of lovely character, and singular piety, and greatly esteemed, drooped before her, and died in quick succession, of consumption. Her husband followed soon, and the bitter cup of Naomi seemed in part wrung out to her. In June last, she left the city for a summer sojourn in one of the villages of Vermont, whence she never returned; and when the serene autumn leaf was falling amid the mountain forests of that beautiful region, our beloved sister, in full hope of a glorious immortality, slept for the grave. Her remains were brought to this city, where we buried them by those of loved ones that had preceded her to the land of rest. Five orphan children, four daughters and a son, all of them, I believe, pious and pleasant children, survive their departed parents. Their father and portion is God.

Lowell, Jan., 1850.

Sister SUSAN WINSLOW, of Windsor, Me., died Aug. 12, 1849, aged 76 years. Sister W. was a worthy member of the M. E. Church some 40 years. She was a woman of amiable disposition, of uniform piety. She was much beloved by all who knew her. Her end was peaceful and happy. The Gospel of Christ, which was the power of God to the salvation of her soul in early life, was equally powerful in the decline and at the close of life. While her surviving friends are deeply afflicted with their loss, not a lingering doubt remains of her happy exit to the skies. What but the love of God in the soul can so effectually dry up the tears of grief as such an assurance? "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

Windsor, Me., Jan. 5.

Sister NANCY FULLER, wife of Bro. Allen Fuller, died in New Portland, Me., Nov. 7, 1849, aged 59 years. She was a member of the M. E. Church for more than twenty years. She was a kind-hearted, affectionate and faithful wife and mother, and a valuable friend and neighbor. During her last sickness, which was short and very distressing, she was mostly bed-ridden, but her mind was clear, and she lived a life, and remarks made by her during short intervals, when reason for a few moments seemed to part to return, we have no doubt that she was prepared to die. For some weeks before her death she was more than usually interested in the prosperity of the cause of God and the conversion of souls, and expressed great anxiety for the salvation of such of her children as remained unconverted.

E. WINSLOW.

ALICE MONTGOMERY died in Salisbury, Ms., Dec. 1, 1849, aged 25 years. Her disease was a quick consumption. She was converted in a distant land, nearly seven years since, and during her sickness found the religion of Christ to be a source of unspeakable comfort. Her themes were the goodness of God, and the preciousness of her Saviour, till her gentle and happy spirit ascended to the society of the glorified. She has left an only sister, and a circle of friends to mourn her loss, but with the joyful hope of meeting her above.

F. FURBER.

Amesbury, Jan. 8.

HIRAM BROOKS, son of Benjamin and Martha Brooks, died in Willington, Conn., Dec. 21, aged 17 years. He was converted the evening after the close of our camp meeting in Willington. He was punctual in his attendance on all the means of grace, and very faithful to his young associates. Although it was but a little more than three months from his conversion to his death, yet it is evident that he will have some stars in his crown. His sickness was short and distressing, but he was resigned and happy, yet more triumphant. The day before he died, while the family were standing round his bed weeping, he looked upon them with composure and said, "don't weep for me." When his father said, "Hiram, you are a poor distressed boy," he looked up pleasantly and replied, "I am not a poor boy, father; I have a crown." He bade his friends farewell one by one, exhorting them to meet him in heaven.

B. M. WALKER.

Square Pond, Jan. 8.

Bro. JOHN WEBSTER, of Webster, formerly of this town, consecrated himself to the service of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost 29 years since, during the faithful labors of Rev. R. J. Ayer, and Rev. G. D. Stratton, upon this circuit. In consistency of Christian character few, perhaps, surpassed him. Beloved by the community in general he lived, and he loved he died. He served the church, either in the office of class leader or steward, most of the time above named. In the midst of life, at the age of 48, and in the midst of firm health, and of apparent usefulness to the church, to the world and to his family, a wife and three children, who deeply mourn his loss, he bade our world adieu, Oct. 4, 1849. How unsearchable are divine judgments, and God's ways are past finding out. It is ours to confide in their faithfulness; it is his to perform and to sustain.

D. COPELAND.

Durham, Maine.

SAMUEL WHITNEY died in Ashford, Conn., Jan. 7, aged 93 years. Seventy-three years ago he sought religion with direct reference to entering the army of the revolution, as he would not engage in the fearful struggle unless he felt prepared to die. Removing to Ashford some years afterwards he became acquainted with a few Methodists; he immediately cast in his lot among them, and has remained a worthy and esteemed member ever since. After serving under the banner of his country fifteen months, of the Prince of peace seventy-three years, and enduring the ills and trials of life ninety-three, he rests, we trust, in the paradise of God.

L. LEFFINGWELL.

Eastford, Jan., 1850.

For the Herald and Journal.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 16 letters.

My 14, 15, 16, is a weight.

My 13, 11, 12, is a spiritual liquor.

My 3, 4, 8, 12, 13, 2, is a delicious fruit.

My 10, 3, 6, is a farmer's utensil.

My 4, 11, 12, 13, is an ornament.

My 1, 11, 16, 5, 2, 4, is a kind of spice.

My 7, 11, 16, 14, 2, 4, is a season of the year.

My whole is a distinguished general.

S. H.

Nantuxon Island, Mass.

W. L. HARRIS, of Baldwin Institute, Ohio, sent a correct answer to the Geometrical Problem of the 19th Dec., but as we have inserted it already from other sources, he will excuse us for omitting his own answer.—ED. HERALD.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE AMERICAN VOCALIST. By Rev. D. H. MANSFIELD. Published by D. H. Mansfield, first published a few months ago, has been one of the most successful tone books ever published in this country.

The publishers are receiving the highest testimonials in its favor from every direction where the book has been used. The following is from the Rev. J. C. Applewood, Presiding Elder of the Springfield District, Vermont.

"It is my opinion that the American Vocalist is decidedly the best Tone Book ever used in New England since my recollection. It has been introduced into a good number of churches in this District during the past year, and has in every instance given excellent satisfaction both to the singers and congregations. The old people receive the tunes as they were an old acquaintance and friend, after an absence of thirty years, and the attention of the young is arrested by their grandeur and novelty."

Copies prepared for the mail will be sent to churchmen and leaders of churches, gratis, on application to the publishers, Wm. J. REYNOLDS & CO., Boston.

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